

bedizened people standing very still with a cloud of red gauze heaped about their feet.

Wu made a sudden sound that was almost a sob, and held out his arms. "My flower," he said.

For a year they lived in paradise, the pretty paradise that only comes once and does not come to all.

When their first year closed, she bore him a daughter, and in the bearing died.

It is with this treasured daughter, Nang Ping, that the tragedy of the story lies.

She met in her charming pagoda, of course by stealth, a young Englishman.

Kissing is not a Chinese art, but Basil had taught Nang Ping to kiss.

Alas, if it had only ended there!

Nang Ping is innately pure and she experiences no shame when she discloses to Basil that she is to bear him a child.

She tells him that to possess a son is the one big prayer of her women to the goddess Kan Win.

Basil, though he is commonplace and coarse-fibred, has a charming mother who is devoted to him.

She visits Nang Ping to drink tea with her in her Chinese garden, all unconscious of the wrong her son has done the girl, and one can almost see the little Chinese girl gravely playing the hostess with her quaint customs and, as we should say, "with a stiff upper lip."

Cowardly Basil takes leave of Nang Ping in her garden.

Nang Ping when she hears of his intention to desert her treats him with gentle dignity.

"I will come back to you."

"No!" Nang Ping's voice was soft and clear and tender as a flute. "Go and forget!"

She was afraid to trust those arms, a thousand times afraid to trust herself. Basil sprang to catch her in his arms. But before he reached her other arms caught him and held him in a vice.

It was the great and terrible Wu and "slowly he smiled a terrible smile."

The next day Wu killed his only and beloved little daughter.

"Nang Ping," he said, softly, for she was motherless and very young, and he loved her still. And as she turned he smote her with the great sword.

"All night he sat immovable and alone, while the heart's blood of his only child clotted and crusted at his feet."

His terrible vengeance on Basil's family beggars description, and one reads on absorbed and holding one's breath, while his horrible relentless cruelty and vindictiveness proceeds.

This book, apart from its high literary merit, is specially interesting, bearing as it does on interracial problems.

H. H.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

"There is no price too dear to pay for perfection."—ANDREW CARNEGIE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not in ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

FOR MIDDLE-AGED AND ELDERLY FOLK.
To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—Please accept my many thanks for your kindness in putting in such an interesting paragraph about my new venture in your paper. When the holidays are over, I intend to use the houses for middle-aged and elderly folks needing a home, and would feel confidence if they were under a roof with a trained nurse. That, no doubt, will be about October.

Believe me,

Yours gratefully,

A. A. WOOD.

26 & 27, Shipburne Road,
Tonbridge.

USELESS WITHOUT SISTERS.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—All nurses will be glad to note that a Consulting Surgeon to the forces in France has laid down the principle that "it is no good to have beds for sick patients unless you have Nursing Sisters." One would have thought it a self-evident proposition; but the War Office, in its wisdom, has, before this war, thought otherwise, and few have escaped through the meshes of the net which confined them in the base hospitals. Now, that at last, through the urgent necessities of the situation, the restrictions have been removed, I do hope that never again will it be supposed that nurses cannot be allowed to go wherever there are sick and wounded who need their services.

Yours faithfully,

M.R.B.N.A.

SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

MADAM,—The Government has invoked the help of the British people in relieving the distress from famine in Europe and Asia Minor. Lord Robert Cecil has expressed the hope that the relief agencies appealing to the public under the Government's offer to double all voluntary gifts (up to £200,000) raised in the United Kingdom, "will receive response that will bring to some millions of children . . . a message of practical sympathy." "There is no doubt whatever," said Lord Robert in the Commons on the 21st ulto., "that in large parts of Central Europe, including some parts of Germany, the children, the babies, are actually dying from want of food and want of milk. I do not believe that can be questioned."

Other distinguished men appeal to us. Lord Curzon sends out "an urgent call to the people of the British Empire to play their part in the great task of reconciliation and mercy." General

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